

THE OLD COMMONWEALTH.
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Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Va.

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ANDREW CHAPMAN, Pastor.
SUNDAY SCHOOL, at 10 o'clock, A. M., every alternate Sabbath. Prayers at 9 o'clock, A. M., every alternate Sabbath. Prayers at 7 o'clock, P. M., every alternate Sabbath.

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Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. B. S. VAN Pelt, Proprietor.

HILL'S HOTEL.
Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. Capt. J. N. Hill, Proprietor.

VIRGINIA HOUSE.
Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. JOHN SCANLON, Proprietor.

The Old Commonwealth.

SHEERY & GRIM,
Publishers and Proprietors.

"IMPRIMATUR!"

VOL. I.

HARRISONBURG, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1866.

NO. 16.

POETRY.

[Written for the Old Commonwealth.]

THE PAST.

BY ALDINE.

I love to think of the happy past,
With its train of happy friends;
To look at the scenes of the long ago
Through the glass that memory lends;
And yet it fills my soul with woe,
And my sad heart throbs with pain,
To think of the friends and joyous scenes
I shall meet no more again.

There are downy cheeks, and laughing eyes,
And lips that I used to kiss
In that bright train—Oh where are they now?
In a brighter world than this—
And now a form I see through my tears
The gentlest one of the train;
But her cheeks look pale, and I sigh to think
I shall meet her no more again.

There are comrades, too, in that long train,
Brave comrades who fought by my side,
Fought the battle of life, on the red field of Death,
Fought bravely, fell nobly, and died.
They sleep their last sleep, in the forest deep,
And they sleep on the battle plain;
In the graves on the hill-top they sleep—and Oh!
I shall meet them no more again.

They are gone, all gone, and I still am left
To weep o'er the grave of the past
That hides in its depths so many bright flowers
That bloomed all too sweetly to last.
O I cannot but weep as I sit all alone,
To think of the long silent train,
How others are flying with those that have flown,
Shall I meet them no more again?
Singer's Glen, Jan. 1866.

SELECT STORY.

MORAL COURAGE.

'But why don't you like him, Agatha?'

'Oh—because.'

'What philosopher ever solved the mystery of this true woman's reason?—'

'Because' means ten thousand things that pretty, dimpled lips don't choose to put into shape—it means that they know

they perfectly well themselves, but won't tell; and not all the coaxing of curiosity can get it out of them!

And so pretty Agatha Milne played with the knot of scarlet roses, whose velvet petals glowed in her belt ribbon, and lifted up her soft hazel brown eyes with a provokingly absent unconscious look.

'But, Agatha,' pursued Ruth Allenwood, stopping for a moment in her occupation of braiding and arranging Agatha's beautiful waves of auburn gold hair, 'I'm sure he is a pleasant partner at balls and parties, and—oh, my dear Agatha! don't jerk your head so, or I shall have to braid all these strands over again!'

'Nonsense! that no test at all!' said Agatha, pettishly, the peach-like crimson mounting to her cheek; 'what can you tell about a young man from a mere ball room acquaintance? Any one can be agreeable enough to hold your bouquet, or bring you an ice cream; that is if he knows enough not to tread on your toes in the polka, nor to step on your flounces in a promenade!'

'I know it,' said Ruth: 'but the question is:—'

'But the question is,' interrupted the imperious young beauty, 'how do I know that Mr. Fitz Aubyn, silver-tongued as he is to me, with his homage and his compliments, don't go home and swear at his mother and sister? How do I know that Mr. Jennings, who has the whole dictionary at his finger ends, doesn't cheat his landlady? What means have I of ascertaining that young St. Simons, who is such a graceful waltzer and agreeable as a drinker, does not finish his evenings in a drinking saloon?—'

'Oh, Ruth, we have tests for ascertaining spurious dollars and counterfeit banknotes, but how on earth are we to test a counterfeit husband until he is tied to our unlucky apron strings for life?'

She laughed as she sprang up to look for her bonnet, but the long eye-lashes drooped with a suspicious moisture.

'Well,' said Ruth, carelessly, patting Agatha's tiny hand, 'I am very, very thankful that Providence didn't make me a beauty and an heiress, since it has such a tendency to awake suspicion and distrust. But Agatha, in spite of all you have said, I feel convinced that Charles Stanton is a noble fellow.'

'Very likely,' said Agatha, lightly; 'but here comes Fitz Aubyn, with those splendid horses of his, so give me my shawl!'

'Oh, we intend to go to that private view of pictures in—street, which I told you about.'

And Agatha swept out of the room with the port of a queen.

The white luster of moonlight, pouring down through the circular dome of frosted glass gave a life-like glow to the superb paintings whose gilded frames literally covered the walls of the spacious apartments. Here and there groups of absorbed delectants moved, with subdued whispers and banished opera glasses, as if it were a forbidden thing to speak above one's breath in the presence of these fair landscapes and scenes from history's pages.

Directly in front of one of the finest works of art stood a pair who had unconsciously been the object of many a curious glance and whispered observation of the other sight-seers—a tall stylish looking young man, with an old lady leaning on his arm, whose antique dress of snuff colored bombazine and oddly-shaped beaver bonnet occasioned a great many covert smiles and half concealed titers from those present.

'Oh, by the way, Miss Milne,' said Fitz Aubyn, as in their progress round the rooms, this couple gradually came in view, 'you have not seen the greatest curiosity of all yet.'

'Where?' said Agatha, raising her opera glass.

'You are mistaken—it don't hang on the wall,' said Fitz Aubyn laughing—

Look nearer earth if you want to see Stanton and his fossil aunt.'

Agatha turned her head accordingly, without remark—she smiled a little however; 'twas all Fitz Aubyn wanted.

'Should you suppose any mortal youth would have the courage to bring such a last century specimen to a place like this where he might know he would meet all his fashionable acquaintances! Upon my word, I believe he'll take her to the opera next! See him carrying her morocco bag and cotton umbrella! Don't he remind you of Don Quixote in his youthful days?'

'Probably she has some money to leave one of these days,' said Agatha, the distrustful element uppermost in her mind for the moment.

'Not a solitary red cent. I know, for I have inquired, she is in reduced circumstances—that's the term, I believe; but Stanton is very fond of her, nevertheless. She has come up to town from the backwoods for a few days, and—'

He passed abruptly as the very pair in question approached still absorbed in picture gazing.

'My dear Charles,' said the old lady, at length, 'you cannot imagine what a treat this is to me—I have not seen such pictures as these since I was a child. How thoughtful of you to bring me here!'

'I knew you would enjoy it, aunt.'

'And are you not ashamed of your old-fashioned relative among all these gay young people?'

'On the contrary, dear aunt, I am as proud as a monarch while you are leaning on my arm.'

Agatha heard it, and she also heard him answer, in reply to the gay challenge of some companion:

'Thank you, but don't reckon upon me as one of your party this evening at the opera. I am going with my aunt, who is passionately fond of music—so you must excuse me for once.'

'I told you so!' said Fitz Aubyn in a sotto voce tone, shrugging his shoulders. 'Did you ever see such a fellow as Stanton?'

'Never,' was Agatha's reply, but it was so emphatically spoken that Fitz Aubyn started. And that night, when the courted beauty was brushing out her luxuriant hair, she paused many a time and fell into thoughtful reverie.

'Moral courage,' she murmured to herself, 'I have somewhere read that it is nobler far than the iron resolution which make them reckless in battle. I wonder—'

And there she stopped resolutely.

What a glorious, bracing New Year's Day it was! There had been just now enough in the night to form a white glistening coat over everything, and afford an excellent excuse for the merry sleighs that darted hither and thither with streaming furs and jingling bells. All the fashionable world was astir—the gentlemen busily consulting their interminable list of calls, and the ladies putting the last touches to their gorgeous toilet.

There were not many upon that day who received more adulation than Agatha Milne, as she stood like a young empress in her splendid drawing rooms, every mirror flashing back her loveliness. Her dress was very simple—pink silk, edged around the shoulders with snowy ermine, and long sprays of jessamine drooping from her hair; yet she knew that she had never been so beautiful as now; as she listened with languid smiles to the compliments showered upon her. It was nothing new.

The gilded chandeliers had been lighted, and the jeweled fingers of the tiny alabaster clock on the mantle pointed to a late hour when the peel of the door-bell announced a new incursion of guests and Mr. Fitz Aubyn entered surrounded by a gay party of young men.

'Good evening, Miss Milne! surely I am not too late to wish you the happiest of all imaginable New Years? Whom do you suppose I saw steering in the direction of your hospitable mansion just now? Here he comes to speak for himself—the Chevalier Stanton.'

Agatha turned calmly to welcome the new comer, and the keenest eye could scarcely discern the deeper shade of color that glowed on her delicate cheek, as he quietly came up to greet her.

'Fill your glasses, gentlemen,' exclaimed Fitz Aubyn, holding high above his head a tiny chalice or engraved Bohemian glass, brimming with crimson wine, 'let us drink to the health of our fair hostess, Miss Agatha Aubyn.'

The impromptu toast was received with acclamations of satisfaction, and Fitz Aubyn glanced around to see if all had followed his injunctions, ere he touched his lips to the glass.

'Come Stanton—no lack of civility here; where's your glass?'

'I will drink Miss Milne's health in clear old water with the greatest pleasure,' said Stanton, smiling; 'but I never touch wine.'

'Never touch wine! and pray why not?'

'It is against my principles,' said Stanton, with quiet firmness.

Fitz Aubyn curved his lip in contemptuous silence, that was several degrees harder to bear than spoken obloquy; but then another young man leaned forward to interpose his word.

'Offer the wine to him, yourself, Miss Milne; surely he cannot be so lost to all sense of gallantry as to refuse it from your fair hand!'

Agatha, had grown very pale, but, without speaking, she filled one of the goblets, and held it towards Stanton.

'Will you take it from me?'

'Miss Milne, I should be a coward indeed did I allow your persuasions to sway me from the fixed principles which are the guiding star of my life.'

He bowed and withdrew. The glass fell from Agatha's hand and shivered

into a thousand sparkling fragments; she bit her scarlet lip until the blood started, with a strange sympathetic thrill of exultation. Had he wavered for an instant in his determination, she would have despised him.

'A very poor investment, those horses of mine, and all this good behavior a la good boy in story books,' muttered Fitz Aubyn, about four weeks subsequently, as he strode into the brilliantly illuminated saloons of the Club House, 'Walter, a glass of brandy and water, quick.'

'What's the matter, Fitz? you look as black as a thunder clond,' observed a by-stander, who was leaning against a marble pillar and picking his teeth in a most epicurean manner.'

'The matter? Do you remember that magnificent Agatha Milne, the queen of all the beauties?'

'Of course I do; she hasn't lost her wits or her property, I hope.'

'No; but I've lost the latter item pretty effectually. Who do you suppose she is going to marry?'

'I am sure I cannot guess. Do tell your news at once, and don't keep a fellow in suspense.'

'Well, she is going to become Mrs. Charles Stanton; actually going to marry a man with a fossil aunt, and principles that won't allow him to drink a glass of wine! Bah! the palpable humbug that passes current in the world.'

'I could have prophesied as much before, my dear boy, if you would only have done me the honor to listen to me,' observed the other, coolly unfolding the newspaper, so as to get at the inside columns.

'You gay and dashing young fellows are all very well as long as a girl wants to amuse herself; but when it comes to life-long question, she is apt to prefer a safe man for her husband.'

Fitz Aubyn groaned very deeply, but, considered his condition too precarious to be worth arguing.

Meanwhile, little Ruth Ellenwood was as busy as a bee working at her cousin's wedding robe of spotless white satin, and asking ten thousand questions, the finale of which, always was—

'But Agatha, you would never tell me why you didn't like him, and now you are just as bad. Tell me, that's a darling, why you changed your mind.'

And Agatha only laughed and cringed, and made the same old provoking answer:

'Oh—because.'

A MAN OF PLEASURE.—The most pitiable on earth is a man of pleasure; a man who has nothing to do, or at least, does nothing but enjoy himself and take life easy. That ease is the rust of the soul which dims its bright surface and corrodes its very substance. The most unhappy men we have ever known were those whom wealth (unfortunately for their own comfort) exempted from the necessity of working for themselves, and who were too sordid to enjoy the divine pleasure of working for others. One of these, who had almost princely riches, and spent thousands annually on fine and fast horses, and the like, said to an intimate friend, 'I am a wretched man—My life is aimless.' Another of the same class declared that, often when he had met a funeral, he had wished in his soul that he could change places with the dead man in the coffin.

One of the most curious articles of an exhibition, now being held in England, a steam engine and boiler, in miniature, and described as the 'smallest steam engine in the world.' It stands scarcely two inches in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes seven revolutions per minute. The engine and boiler are fastened together with thirty eight miniature screws and bolts, the whole weighing thirteen grains, or under one quarter of an ounce. The manufacturer says that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes. This dwarf piece of mechanism is designed and made by a clock manufacturer in Horsford, England.

Baron N—, once playing cards, was guilty of an old trick; on which his opponent threw him out of the window of a pair of stairs room. The Baron meeting Foote complained of this usage, and asked what he should do? 'Do,' says the wit, 'never play so high again as long as you live.'

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading. 'Tis thought and digestion that make books and food serviceable.

If a lady marries a man against your advice, take ours, and don't call on her till the honeymoon is over.

Many a speaker, who might otherwise perhaps be a Demosthenes, seems never to have been able to get the pebbles out of his mouth.

There is no sorrow in the human heart that will not finally fret itself to sleep.

The sea is not a rich soil, yet rich crops are constantly produced by plowing it.

The second best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best.

Some men make all their progress in life as witches say their prayers—backwards.

Blessed be heaven for the gift of thumbs. If a man has nothing else to do, he can suck them.

Death of Presidents.

George Washington died at Mount Vernon, on the 14th of December, 1799, in the 68th year of his age. Death came suddenly to him—so suddenly that the tidings of his sickness and his disease simultaneously reached the Halls of Congress.

John Adams came to 'the end of all living' at his residence in Quincy, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1826, realizing what day it was, and rejoicing in it. He gradually and quietly expired at the patriarchal age of fourscore years and ten.

Thomas Jefferson, by an extraordinary coincidence, breathed his last at Monticello, on the same day that his venerable compatriot, Adams, died—the jubilee of American Independence. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-three.

James Madison, the 'man of the Constitution,' and one of the wisest statesmen our country ever produced, peacefully closed his earthly career at Montpelier, Va., on the 28th of June, 1836, in the 86th year.

James Monroe died in the city of New York, on the 5th day of July, 1831, in his eightieth year. He was a pure patriot, and the last of the Presidents who served in the eventful days of the Revolution—having been a Colonel in the Continental army. He particularly enjoyed the confidence of Washington, and the period of his wise and peaceful administration was characterized as 'the era of good feeling.'

John Quincy Adams expired in the Capitol at Washington, on the 22d of February, 1848; literally dying in his country's service, at the age of eighty-one. To the last he was of the class of life's busy men; and identified, as he had been from boyhood, with the public service, it was solemnly striking and appropriate that the halls of the national council should hear his dying words—

'He was struck by paralysis while in his seat in the House of Representatives.'

Andrew Jackson died at the Hermitage, near Nashville, on the 8th of June, 1845, in his seventy-ninth year. He must have been a great man, indeed, who could cluster the affection of a whole people around him, as this distinguished soldier and patriot did. His popularity had no parallel but that of Washington.

Martin Van Buren died at his birthplace, Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y., on the 24th of July, 1862, in his eightieth year. His administration, from 1837, to 1841, was a period marked by great financial distress throughout the country, which was charged by his political opponents upon the policy he pursued in managing the public finances through the agencies of the independent treasury. He failed of re-nomination the second term, however, on account of his opposition to the annexation of Texas.

William Henry Harrison died on the 4th of April, 1841, exactly one month after his inauguration, aged sixty-eight. He was the first President who died in office, and at the Executive mansion. He had gained a deep hold upon the people's heart, and no one living at that time can ever forget the profound and universal expression of sympathy and sorrow which his death occasioned.

John Tyler, elected Vice President, and who succeeded General Harrison for the remainder of his term, died in 1862, in Richmond, Va., in his seventy-second year; being at the time a Senator of Virginia, in the Confederate Congress, then in session in Richmond.

James Knox Polk died at his home in Tennessee, on the 15th of June, 1849, only three months after the expiration of his term of office, and fifty-fourth year. He was a man of unquestionable ability and talent, and achieved the highest honor his country could bestow as a much earlier age than any of his predecessors.

Zachary Taylor's death, on the 9th day of July, 1850, when he had been but sixteen months in office, called forth the deepest expressions of a nation's grief; and everywhere the full heart of the people was touched beyond what adequate words could utter. He died at the Presidential mansion in his sixty-sixth year.

The circumstances attending the death of Abraham Lincoln are too fresh in the minds of the public to need repetition.

The Present Chief Magistrate of the United States is the seventeenth in succession. Of the sixteen former ones, but three now survive—Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan.

A little fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked on coming out what he did in church when he replied: 'I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf.'

A Western editor must be in a bad fix. Having dunned a subscriber for his subscription, he not only refused to pay, but threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.

What is the difference between a bad boy and a postage stamp? Give it up?

One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

Unravelling the cord of man's existence, you will generally find the blackest Hank twined in it by a woman's hand; but it is not less common to trace the golden thread to the same spindle.

The awkwardness of a booby is often, by a few steps in the world, converted into the pertness of a coxcomb.

The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

The Grave of Stonewall Jackson.

We have been requested to give publicity to the following circular to the members of the old "Stonewall." We hope that it may meet with a ready response, and that each one may look upon the object to be effected as a labor of love:

WINCHESTER, JAN. 1. 1866
To the Survivors of the Stonewall Brigade:
I write to you on a subject in which you must ever feel a deep interest. A strong reverence for the memory of Stonewall Jackson and a strict regard for our renewed allegiance to the United States need not be inconsistent, much less conflicting. Were he living he would still be our friend although not our General. He is dead! it is right that we should not neglect the memory of so good a man.

When General Jackson died, Mrs. Jackson had his body taken to Lexington and buried as she thought most consistent with his wishes and his character, in the grave-yard of his church. There, after his brilliant and renowned career, he sleeps in a quiet grave, quietly and well.

Shortly after the death of our General, when the Stonewall Brigade met together to take such action as they deemed proper to show their respect for their late General and friend, they determined, delicately and appropriately, to endeavor to get Mrs. Jackson's permission to place a simple monument over his remains.

Barre. — The Grazing Farm in Liberty
ty near Petersburg, known as the meadow,
taining 600 acres. This is one of the best gra
farms in West Virginia, and will be sold at
half its true value.

POETRY.

Love on a Carpet for Me.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of fragrant vine—
Of nature's bewitching smile,
And moonlight's half-divine.
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!
But give me a slight flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near,
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.
Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your wine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid seeks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your dandelion walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily like his ease,
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot is an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel
And shot from a silver string.

HARD OF HEARING.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East, who professed to be deaf in hearing—but, for sooth, was more capacious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will tend to show.
It was a stormy night to the idea of March if I mistake not, when lightning met lightning, and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's bedside discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry Sally. Jonathan resolved to pop it to the old man on the next day—"but," says he, "as I think of the task, my heart shrinks, and my resolution weakens—he's so danged hard to hear a body!"

In the meantime, the old man, who was hypocritical, so far as hearing was concerned, feigned total indifference to the conversation between his wife and Jonathan, but contrary to the anticipations of both, he distinctly heard every word that passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barn lot feeding his pigs. Jonathan also arose early from bed in the morning, and spied the old man feeding his pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sally.
Scarcely a minute had elapsed after Jonathan had made his last resolution ere he bid the old man good morning. Now Jonathan's heart beat—now he scratched his head and gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan declared that he'd as soon take thirty-nine "stripes" as to ask the old man. "But," says he aloud to himself, "here goes—faint heart never won fair lady," and addressed the old man thus:

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."
"You want to borrow my halter. I would lend it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it off to the mill."
Jonathan put his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice, said:
"I have got forty-five pounds of money."
The old man stepped back, as if greatly alarmed, and exclaimed in a voice of surprise: "You have got five hundred pounds of money! What in the mischief can I do with so much money?" "Why, it's more than all the neighborhood has use for."
Jonathan, who was not yet the victim of despair, put his mouth to the old man's ear, and bawled out:
"I have got gold."
To this the old man replied, "So have I, Jonathan, and it's the worst gold I ever had in my life!"

So saying, the old man sneezed wash-up. By this time the old woman came out, and having observed his unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed like a wounded Zeno.
"Daddy! I say daddy, you don't understand him. He wants to marry our daughter!"

Old Man—"I told him our calf-halter was one."
Old Lady—"Why, da'ny, you can't understand; he's got gold, he's rich!"
Old Man—"He's got a cold and the itch, 't' he's what's the reason for all this!"

So saying, the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking stick; happily for Jonathan he dodged it. Nor did the rage of her hero stop at this, but with an angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels, nor did Jonathan's luck stop here. He had not gone out of the barnyard, nor far from the old man, who ran him a close race, ere Jonathan stubbed his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man took up he stumbled over him. Jonathan sprang to his feet, and with the speed of a John Gilpin, he ran to the old man's door. Sally! She died a nun. Never had a husband.

BILL ARP.—Among some pen and inkings of the public men of Georgia, made by the pleasant correspondence of C. H. Smith, of Rome, the celebrated "Bill Arp." Tall, stoutly built, with black eyes, hair and beard, slightly bald, and of rather grave expression of countenance, the remark is often made by visitors that he is about the last man in this house one would take for the author of that imitative and so-called "Bill Arp."

Mr. Smith is a lawyer of fine abilities, and in social intercourse, a very entertaining gentleman, when shaking off what seems to be an habitual reserve. Often, however, when saying least an arch curve of the lip will betray, beyond mistake some facetious thought is fitting the words to the brain of the great unharmonized father of Clickinony and Bull Run Arp."

The following letter was written by a father to his son in college—"My dear Son—I write to send you new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and me is well, except your sister has got two measles, which we think would spread among the girls if Tom had not been before and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not, you are a donkey and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

Graphic.—A humorous writer of the Chicago Post describes how he got out of a bad scrape in the Police Court, in the following manner:
"The next morning the Judge of the Court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially. Said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished at Bryan Hall, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I loaned the city ten dollars."

PRINTING.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING.

OUR shop at Harrisonburg is now open, and parties desiring anything in line can be supplied.
Shop opposite American Hotel, Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 15, 1865-66

COMMONWEALTH

Printing Office!

Cheaper, Better, Quicker,

Satisfaction Given, or No Money Asked!

PRINTING

Office between the American and Hill's Hotels.

J. R. JONES & CO.'S

REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL AGENCY

THE UNDERSIGNED have established in Harrisonburg an Agency for the Purchase, Sale or Rental of all descriptions of Real Estate, and for THE COLLECTION OF CLAIMS AGAINST INDIVIDUALS OR THE GOVERNMENT.

Superior facilities are offered by this Agency for bringing property to the notice of non-resident purchasers and outside the State. General acquaintance through the State will enable us to buy and sell lands and other property very advantageously. Sellers are invited to furnish us with descriptions, terms, &c., and those desiring to purchase to apply to us, stating the character of land or other property they may desire. SPECIAL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO THE CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF

Sub-divisions of land, surveying and plotting the same, estimating drainage and the Engineer business attended to.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN LANDS

Refer to L. W. Gambell, Clerk of County Court of Rockingham, A. St. C. Sprinkel, Clerk of Circuit Court of Rockingham, J. H. Wartman, Editor of Rockingham Register.

Office north side of the square, one door west of Shacklett's. Address

J. R. JONES & CO., Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 15-65.

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF OVER-COATS AT COST.

HEIMAN & CO.

JUST RECEIVED—A lot of fine WOOLEN UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

NOV. 8. H. HELLER & SON.

SCHOOL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a full supply of

NOV. 8. H. HELLER & SON.

A NOTHIE lot of that 75 cent molasses, just received at

Oct. 15. H. HELLER & SONS.

MARQUIS & KELLEY'S

Marble Works!

AT HARRISONBURG.

STANTON AND CHARLOTTEVILLE.

OUR shop at Harrisonburg is now open, and parties desiring anything in line can be supplied.

Shop opposite American Hotel, Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 15, 1865-66

GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

CHAS. L. MILLER, Cabinet-Maker and Carpenter, HARRISONBURG, VA.

Will furnish Furniture superior to any manufactured in this town or in the Valley of Virginia, at low prices. Confident that the sale of a piece of his make of Furniture to any man will secure his patronage over after, he respectfully solicits a call from all in need of well-made, handsome and durable Furniture.

COFFIN-MAKING.

He is prepared to furnish Coffins, with the latest trimming, at short notice, and for the superiority of workmanship, cannot be surpassed anywhere in the Valley.

CARPENTERING.

Special attention paid to this branch of his business, and being aware that our citizens are not satisfied with the latest fashionable styles from the North, he is prepared to do every description of House-Carpentering.

Stairs, Blinds, &c., furnished to order.

Country Produce taken in exchange for work.

Lumber wanted, at all times, in exchange for work. Oct. 15, 1865-66

GEORGE B. CLOWER, CABINET-MAKER

AND UNDERTAKER, HARRISONBURG, VA.

Is prepared to do all work in his line, such as

Cabinet-Making, Undertaking, House-Carpentering, &c.

In a neat and substantial manner, at old prices for Cash, Country Produce or Lumber. Special attention paid to

COFFIN-MAKING.

Having a lot of good lumber for the branch of his business, he is prepared to furnish Coffins, which in point of workmanship will compare favorably with any made in the place, and at cheaper rates than any other man in the Valley.

Shop on German Street, near John Messerly's residence, Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 15, 1865-66

ATTENTION! LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!

JNO. C. MORRISON, Coach-Maker and Repairer!

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Is prepared to do every description of work in his line as cheap as it can be done by any one else.

Having a splendid stock of material for new work or repairing, he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage.

Country Produce taken in exchange for work.

Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.

Shop at the old stand, nearly opposite the M. E. Church. Oct. 15-66

CLARY BROTHERS' PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY! RE-OPENED.

WE would respectfully inform the citizens of Harrisonburg, and of Rockingham county generally, that we have re-opened our

ELEGANT SKY-LIGHT PICTURE GALLERY in the building occupied by us before the war—

Having improved our means with comfort and convenience, and having secured the best and largest stock of all kinds of material for the business, we are prepared to copy the "human face divine," either by

PHOTOGRAPH, AMBROTYPE, OR MELANOTYPE, in the highest style of art, and with all the latest improvements. Being determined to maintain our reputation for the best pictures, we respectfully solicit a call from friends and patrons old and new.

Prices as moderate as formerly, and satisfaction guaranteed to those who patronize us.

Room next building to Shacklett & Newman's store, Public Square, Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 15, 1865-66

CLARY BROTHERS.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

GUARD CHAINS AND KEYS, GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL SPECTACLES, RUSSIAN PEBBLE GLASSES.

Warranted to suit any age.

Particular attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewels.

All work warranted.

FRANK G. TELLER, DEALER IN

Main St., between the American and Hill's Hotel, Harrisonburg, Va. [Jan. 17.]

W. H. RITENOUR, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER, HARRISONBURG, VA.

HAS just received a large and well-selected stock of

WATCHES, JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware,

GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL SPECTACLES, Which he offers to the public lower than they can be bought elsewhere, for cash or Country Produce. He will also take

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE, At the highest market prices, for Watch work, or in payment of any debts due him.

WATCH WORK done in the best manner, and warranted for twelve months.

WARRANTED TO SUIT ANY AGE.

AMERICAN HOTEL, MAIN STREET HARRISONBURG VIRGINIA.

B. S. VAN PELT, Proprietor.

Having taken this large and commodious House, which has been rearranged and repaired, I am prepared to accommodate the citizens of Rockingham and the traveling Public generally, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may stop with me. My beds are clean and comfortable.

MY TABLE

Is supplied with the best market can afford, and all the delicacies.

MY BAR

Has the choicest Brandy, Whiskies and Wines to be had.

MY STABLE

Is plentifully supplied with Grain and Forage, and with very attentive Outlets. Give me a call and I will guarantee satisfaction.

Oct. 11, 1865-66

JOSEPH T. WILLIAMS, Public Square, HARRISONBURG, VA.

Is prepared to accommodate gentlemen requiring his services, at reasonable rates.

SHAVING, HAIR-DRESSING AND SHAM-POOING.

done in a workmanlike manner. Satisfaction guaranteed. Oct. 11, 1865-66

OUR HOUSE.

THOS. G. LOGAN, Proprietor.

Citizens and transient customers will find at "Our House" every description of GOOD LIQUORS

Superior Quality, and at low prices.

Fresh Oysters, Served up in the best style. Call, gentlemen, and be accommodated.

Nov. 15-66 T. G. LOGAN, Masonic Hall.

SATINETS AND FACTORY GOODS, in great variety, very cheap. One yard of excellent Satinet for two pounds of Wool.

Dec. 6. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

COOK, PARLOR AND TEN-PLATE STOVES, A large assortment just received.

Dec. 6. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

COTTON YARNS, from Nos. 5 to 30. Very cheap.

Dec. 6. SHACKLETT & NEWMAN.

COAL OIL!

A good article—for sale by

Oct. 25. L. H. OTT, Druggist.

HEIMAN & Co's

NEW GOODS.

50 pieces best Prints, 50 pieces best Dolans, Armours and Silks, 1000 yard best Brown Cottons, 10 pieces Bleached Cotton, 100 Bunches Cotton Yarn, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, Boots and Shoes.

500 pairs, assorted, for men women and children, READY-MADE CLOTHING, A very large assortment of the very best, for men and boys. A superior lot of

LADIES' CLOAKS, Hoop Skirts, Combs, Hats, Hoods, Gloves, and all articles usually kept in stores in this section of country.

GROCERIES, DYE-STUFFS, 1000 lbs. Sugar, Brown, Crushed and Granulated, 1000 lbs. best Rio Coffee, Molasses, Soda, Tea, Oils, and greens, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Oil, Nails, Fish, 100 Sacks best Fine Salt,

500 HATS AND CAPS, For men and boys.

SCHOOL BOOKS, A full assortment of School and Blank Books, Photograph Albums, Card, Letter, and Note Paper. They buy all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE, At the highest prices.

RECEIVE AND FORWARD, All kinds of

PRODUCE, MERCHANDISE, &c., &c., &c.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE

Pitt Threshing-Machine

Which is the Best, and takes the lead. It is not only a rival for Strength, Durability and Elegance. In operation it is vastly superior, and is the most Combined Thresher and Cleaner in the world!

Sizes—24 inch, 28 inch, 32 inch, and 36 inch Cylindered for the best working the Pitts Thresher. For four, eight and ten horses. No other power can compete with this. The settings and Parts of these machines constantly on hand.

We have also been appointed Agents for

Bickford & Hufman's Grain Drill, and the

Linton's Corn Mill and Corn Chopper, Spring-Tooth Rakes, Wheat Fans, Saws, Reapers and Mower combined, Corn Shellers, Straw and Fodder Cutters, and all the best and useful articles left with us early will receive attention.

Dec. 20, 65-ly ISAAC PAUL & SONS.

LOOK OUT! ON THE TRACK AGAIN.

R. P. FLETCHER & BRO. Have again opened at their former stand, immediately in front of the Court-House, a new and beautiful stock of

Fall and Winter Goods, comprising every description of ladies' and gentlemen's

DRESS GOODS, Domestic, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.

In variety, and every article usually kept in a first-class store, which we offer to the public at the lowest possible rates. Our stock has been selected with the greatest care from the largest houses in the Northern cities, and we feel confident of our customers.

AT AS REASONABLE PRICES

as they can be purchased in Harrisonburg. We hope that our friends and the public who patronize us so liberally during the war, will call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere. We hope, by strict attention to business and honest dealing to secure increased patronage.

All kinds of Country Produce will be taken at the highest market prices, in exchange for goods at cash prices. Oct. 25-ly

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

By doing so you will save money and get Bargains, call in to

M. & A. HELLER'S, BANK ROW,

and examine their beautiful assorted stock, consisting of all kinds of goods. Ladies' Fancy dress goods, such as

IRISH POPLINS, FINE LUTRES, ALPACCAS, ALL WOOL DELAINS, COMMON DE LAINS, PRINTS, CLOTH FOR CLOAKS, Notions, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware and all other articles too tedious to mention, call and see for yourself.

Dec. 20, 65-ly M. & A. HELLER, Bank Row.

PRICES REDUCED! CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!

We have on hand

A NICE STOCK OF GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Which we offer to the public at prices LOWER than they can be bought of those who pretend to sell the cheapest.

Any person desiring to buy will please call in and be convinced. Those who believe will do well to call to see us also.

COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED

In exchange for goods at highest market prices. We are buying and selling.

GOLD AND SILVER, Also buying Bank Notes. Give us a call before dealing elsewhere.

LOEWENBACH, HELLER & BRO. Oct. 11, 1865-66

H. HELLER & SON, MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, HARRISONBURG, VA.

Keeps constantly on hand a full and complete stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, &c., &c.

to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public, confident that they can please those who wish to purchase, as well in style and quality of goods, as in price. Having purchased their entire stock in New York and Philadelphia, almost exclusively for cash. They are enabled to sell at prices which must defy competition. All kinds of country produce taken at the highest rates in exchange for goods. Oct. 18-66

McINTOSH'S

HOWARD HOUSE, HOWARD ST., BALTIMORE, MD., JOHN MCINTOSH, Proprietor.

Please give me a call when you visit the city. Oct. 11, 65-ly

HAND BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Printed at "COMMONWEALTH," Office.

ISAAC PAUL & SONS,

Corner of German and West Market Streets, HARRISONBURG, VA.

OFFER for sale, on accommodating terms, and at an examination of their stock of

New Goods.

50 pieces best Prints, 50 pieces best Dolans, Armours and Silks, 1000 yard best Brown Cottons, 10 pieces Bleached Cotton, 100 Bunches Cotton Yarn, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, Boots and Shoes.

500 pairs, assorted, for men women and children, READY-MADE CLOTHING, A very large assortment of the very best, for men and boys. A superior lot of

LADIES' CLOAKS, Hoop Skirts, Combs, Hats, Hoods, Gloves, and all articles usually kept in stores in this section of country.

GROCERIES, DYE-STUFFS, 1000 lbs. Sugar, Brown, Crushed and Granulated, 1000 lbs. best Rio Coffee, Molasses, Soda, Tea, Oils, and greens, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Oil, Nails, Fish, 100 Sacks best Fine Salt,

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